

THE BURMA NEWS



MARCH, 1934

FROM THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONS IN BURMA

HOME ARTS COURSE

At the A. B. M. Girls' School, Maymyo

DEAR FELLOW CHRISTIANS:

Here is an opportunity for our Christian girls! Maymyo climate is ideal for students. We intend to give the girls a thorough course in something practical and something they will enjoy.

The suggestion has been made that, in some cases, churches might welcome the opportunity to give this training to some girl who would later return and give herself to the work of the church of that particular community. We hope many will use the opportunity.

Remember to apply early.

AIM—The aim of the Home Arts Course is to develop good home makers who will also be leaders in community uplift work, and to train efficient Christian workers who will express through community activities the Christian spirit within them.

METHOD—The method of the Home Arts Course is to thoroughly acquaint the girls with everyday "better" living by direct application of the work studied making projects of the work wherever possible.

REQUIREMENTS—The entrance qualifications for the Home Arts Course are: (1) To be a Christian or to be from a Christian home, (2) To be under 25 years of age, (3) To be a fifth standard pass from a Government recognized A.-V. School (or its equivalent).

EXPENSES—The fees for the Home Arts Course are as follows, (1) Entrance fees Rs. 4, (2) Boarding fees Rs. 5, (3) Course fees: First year Rs. 4, Second year Rs. 5, Third year Rs. 6 per month.

THE BURMA NEWS

H. W. SMITH, *Editor.*

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No. 3

"My Grace is Sufficient"

It was early. The birds called to each other, or sang their morning anthems of praise to their Maker. Woodfolk scampered, chirped and chattered. The cattle in the fields and villages called for their morning meal, or went quietly about, browsing wherever a good mouthful could be found. Even the babbling brooks, and the salty waves breaking upon the sandy beach, seemed anxious to join the universal happy acclaim of the new day.

The old preacher trudged the dusty road with a smile on his face, and a song of joy in his heart. Among the very few ordained Christian ministers within a wide area, he was the senior. As such, his required attendance at weddings, baptisms and funerals took him into and out of the villages both near and far from home. That morning he was homeward bound. The preceding day he had helped two to become one in the bonds of loving wedlock. On his homeward way he could stop and rest at the home of one of his children, a son, and play with the little ones there. No wonder that his heart sang.

From the opposite direction came a cart with a covered cargo of unfamiliar shape. Not paddy; that was certain. What, then? The customary queries brought the information that the cart was on its

way to police headquarters in the distant metropolis of the district, bearing the corpse of a man who had been murdered, the preceding night, in..... What? Not.....? That was where the old preacher's son lived, and he knew most of the villagers. Perhaps the deceased was one of his friends. The blanket covering was turned back, revealing the dead body of.....that old preacher's son!

* * * * *

As the evening shadows gathered in the valleys, a little band of believers accompanied the broken-hearted parents, while they followed their loved one's body to the "silent city" on the hillside. The local pastor was unordained, but conducting a burial service was no new experience for him. Reverently and sympathetically he read from the Word, and then earnestly used the opportunity to bring a message to the mourners, and also to the unsaved whose curiosity had drawn them to the edge of the group.

* * * * *

The speaker's message was finished. It was time to close the service. Although the pastor had done his part well, because he was unordained, local custom prohibited him from invoking a blessing upon that stricken couple and the sorrowing friends. That service, like numberless others, would have to close in an embarrassing silence.

On the ground, beside the casket, was the man upon whose heart strings life and death had that day run the gamut of human emotions. He knew the weight of that local custom and, even in the midst of his great sorrow, he did not forget his greater privilege. As the messenger ceased speaking, the old father tremblingly stood upon his feet, raised his arms imploringly towards the heavens and, despite flooding tears and quivering lips, invoked the benediction of his loving Heavenly Father upon all within his hearing. Then he took his place beside his sobbing life companion while the sun, in seeming silent sympathy, hid his kindly face behind the western horizon.

Alice Buell Roberts

1848—1933

Alice Buell Roberts died at Loma Linda, California, the 30th of December, 1933, at the advanced age of eighty-five years and six months.

For about three years and a half she had been failing in body and mind. A little more than three weeks before her passing, she fell and fractured her femur severely. After the shock had subsided, she seemed to make a surprisingly good recovery and to suffer very little pain. Her mind, however, became even more confused than it had been before. Neither she nor anyone else had any anticipation of the end. She ate her supper at four o'clock. At six, without a word to anyone, and without a struggle, she was gone. The cause of death was pulmonary embolism.

The funeral service was held in the beautiful little chapel of the First Baptist Church in Redlands. It was desired to stress the missionary note and the missionary connections of her life. The pall bearers were Rev. W. V. Higgins, D.D., of India, F. C. Marquiss formerly of India, Clarence E. Blanc formerly of Assam, Dr. John A. Shreck whose ministry had done much to ease her last years, Professor W. E. Raffety, Ph. D., D.D., a friend of her husband, and Harvey E. Hall, chairman of the board of deacons. Miss Nellie Fowler, whose singing was so deeply appreciated, is a sister of Dr. Fowler-Thompson, well known for many years in Burma. Among those present were Rev. E. N. Harris and Mrs. Harris from Burma, Mrs. J. H. Merriam, Mrs. L. W. Hattersley, and Professor Eva R. Price, all formerly of Burma. Rev. A. H. Rider, D.D., represented the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

For some minutes before the service, the organist played, softly, a

number of familiar and loved missionary hymns — JESUS SHALL REIGN, YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS, and THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Miss Fowler opened the service by singing with rich expression and deep feeling "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

Professor William H. Roberts of the University of Redlands then read selections from an autobiography prepared by his mother.

The pastor, Rev. Lewis C. Jacobsen, D.D., read the 103rd psalm. These verses had been found heavily marked in Mrs. Roberts' bible.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For the knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

In his address, Dr. Jacobsen paid a tribute to Mrs. Roberts' loyalty to her church and her interest in its services until the very end. A Christian funeral, he said, should be marked by four main characters; thanksgiving, sympathy, hope, and consecration.

Dr. Rider offered the closing prayer.

Miss Fowler closed the service by singing, THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

Mrs. Roberts' Sunday School Class had asked that the casket be opened for a last view. As they filed past, each member placed a bunch of violets on the casket.

The interment was in beautiful Hillside Cemetery in Redlands.

Mother's Story

Read at the funeral by her son

For ten years you who have been Mother's friends in Redlands have seen simply an old lady growing gradually feebler in body and mind.

Mother was one of the last of the pioneer missionaries. The type of work in which she and Father were engaged is for the most part a thing of yesterday, even of the day before yesterday. Mother lived adventurously. To her, more than to most women, it was given to face danger and hardship for the cause of Christ.

I think Mother's story ought to be told at this time. And I think we are peculiarly fortunate in that she can tell it to us herself. A few years ago she prepared an autobiography. I propose to read a few passages from it.

Mother was born the 26th of June, 1848, in a small town in Southern Wisconsin. There were three older brothers. A twin brother is still alive and vigorous.

The family moved from place to place for sometime but finally settled in Bethany Center, Genesee County, western New York, about six miles east of Batavia. I think the family is well characterized by the fact that the father gave up his position as foreman in a sash and blind factory in Rochester, N. Y., because he feared the effect of city life on his growing boys. Life was hard in the country. Mother has recorded her longing—her unsatisfied longing—for a pretty room all to herself.

Her interest in missions must have been aroused first when she was about three years old. She writes: "A missionary from Burma visited us with his young bride. My mother was so enthused that she could hardly think of anything else. I think it became her earnest prayer that her only daughter might some day have a share in that wonderful work. I

always said I was some day going to teach the heathen. I had, however, not the slightest idea of what it meant."

Just before her seventeenth birthday Mother began her long career as a teacher. Her salary was two dollars a week and she "boarded round."

A little later she was converted. One of her first duties, she believed, was to pray for missionaries and their work everywhere.

Years of teaching followed. Always there was the thought of the mission field.

"I finally decided," the little autobiography reads, "that I would go, if it was plainly shown to be my duty, and shown in some unmistakable way. There I left it. Soon after I had come to this decision, I was sitting in my school room during the noon intermission reading from the *HELPING HAND* an account of a school in China that had been left without a teacher. I read these words, 'Among all the teachers in our favored land, is there one who will go to this school for the love of Christ and in His name?' There it was! A distinct and definite call to me."

There is an interesting account of negotiations with the Board, a visit to Boston, contacts with prominent people—all of it very thrilling to a country girl. At last Mother was appointed not to the school in China but to the Burman Girls' School at Kemmendine.

I found the account to the farewell meeting touching.

"My response," Mother writes, "was referred to in one of the denominational papers as 'exceedingly beautiful and tender.' I do not remember what I said, except that I quoted some lines by a missionary of about Judson's time. 'Henceforth it matters not, if clouds or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup. I only pray, God fit me for the work.'"

I wish I could have known Mother then — young, beautiful, aglow with consecration and enthusiasm.

She arrived in Burma the 3rd of December, 1879, and at once took up work in the girls' school at Kemmendine. In December of 1881, she married my father.

Now began an entirely new type of work. Upper Burma at that time was under the rule of the last of the Burman kings. Conditions were hard and life was far from safe. Father's station was in Bhamo, eight hundred miles up the Irrawaddy river. His work was with the Kachins, a wild people living in the mountains between Burma and China. Father had worked there for some two years — apparently without result. I want to let Mother describe her first trip into the Kachin hills and the founding of the first Kachin church and school.

"We left Bhamo on ponies about four in the afternoon and rode till nearly dark. Then we stopped to camp for the night. First several small fires were built. Then the pack ponies were unloaded and tied near the fires. The native helpers cut a lot of long, dry grass which they spread at the foot of a large tree. On this we spread our mattress. Then stakes were driven into the ground. A pole was laid across them. Over this a large rubber blanket was hung and under this we hung curtains. Our bedroom was ready.

"In the morning our way for some time lay through tall elephant grass, higher than our heads. Sometimes the rough edges drew blood, as they swept across our faces. At ten o'clock we halted. I was too tired to attend to the cooking, so ate what was brought. The rice was full of little black weevils. I picked out as many of the little black things as I could and ate what was left. After an hour's rest we resumed our journey and rode through ever changing mountain scenery without incident.

"About sundown we neared the village where we expected to spend the Sabbath. To our utter dismay we were met by some of the villagers and told that we could not enter. We turned aside and found a little old thatched house on the mountain side that had been used for storing paddy. I climbed the notched pole to the upper room and threw myself down. I was too wretchedly tired to attend prayers with our native helpers.

"The next morning we waited till nine or ten o'clock; but there was no sign that we could enter the village. So we cut our way through the jungle to the other side and to a small village which the first Kachin Christians had built in order to be by themselves.

"The evening was spent in translating the baptismal formula into Kachin. The next morning was Sunday. After a service we went to a beautiful little mountain stream. There, amid a crowd of wondering folk and the grandeur and beauty of the 'everlasting hills,' Mr. Roberts baptized the first seven Kachin Christians.

"The chief of the village they had left was a tall, fine-looking Kachin and very favorably disposed. He said, 'Well, now we will see. If the nats are not angry with you Christians and nothing dreadful happens, next year we will all become Christians.'

"The next day he came to call on us and to escort us to his village. It was just at sunset. As I stood on a little hillock and beheld the glory of the setting sun, my heart was filled with awe and reverence. For the first time in my life I stood above the clouds."

In the manuscript, the last words are underscored. I think that Mother stood above the clouds that day in more senses than one. And I am glad.

"Soon after our return word came that two girls would come and live

with us, if we would give them money to buy tobacco. We consented. In less than a month they gave it up, convinced that white teeth were prettier than black.

"It was a long time before they could clean and trim lamps or make a bed properly—and they never seemed to understand that they ought to sweep *before* they dusted.

"They had no books in their own language, so I began to teach them Burmese and to sing Burmese hymns. They had no idea of music and we had many amusing times. But at last they were able to keep together and carry a tune. I had the pleasure of hearing them while at their work singing at the top of their voices, JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME. That was the first hymn they learned, and their favorite."

The school grew. New buildings were constructed. Finally, Father decided he must have more land. He applied to the King and was granted a bit of land *outside* the city wall close to the east gate. For the school, too, Mother prepared the first book ever printed in Kachin. It was a little spelling book. The Kachin words were printed in Burmese characters.

Perhaps you can get the most vivid impression of life in Bhamo in those days, if I allow Mother to describe this touching little scene.

"During the rains there was much sickness. Little Edith Freiday, the daughter of the missionaries to the Shans, became very ill. For weeks she lingered. There was no physician within hundreds of miles. Day and night we were with the family, going back and forth through the heavy rains. We had to saturate our handkerchiefs with cologne and tie them over our noses and mouths on account of the horrible odors along the road-way. At last the little life went out. Mr. Roberts with some Burman carpenters made a little coffin, covered it

with black sateen and black velveteen and lined it with some white silk. Mrs. Freiday wished to wash and dress the little body all herself. She and Mr. Roberts placed it in the casket. Geranium leaves, tube roses, and lilies were strewn on the outside.

"On account of the superstitions of the Burmans we were obliged to go the whole length of the town and pass out through the south gate. The rain soon came down in torrents. We halted to cover the little coffin. The Burmans shouted to us to move on, or they would let their dogs loose at us.

"Once out of the city, our way lay across rice fields. Our ponies sank into the mud almost to their bodies.

"At the grave we tried to sing *SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS*; but Mrs. Freiday was the only one who could sing it through."

In spite of hardship, sorrow, and discouragement the work prospered. And then came what seemed utter ruin. For a long time there had been rumors that Kachins and Chinese would attack the city. Let Mother tell the story.

"One Sunday we had had an unusually interesting service. Many strangers were present. The whole day had been full of encouragement. As I closed the house for the night, I thought, 'Surely God will keep us safe, or He would never have led us, thus far. He has blessed and will bless the Kachin mission.'

"But about midnight we were suddenly awakened by the firing of guns and fearful yells. Springing out of bed, we saw that the city was on fire. A large band of Chinese, Shans, and Kachins had forced their way through the east gate. They were setting fire to the houses and shooting or spearing the unfortunate Burmese as they fled from their burning homes.

"The five days and nights that followed were full of peril. Bullets

rattled on the roof and rolled on the floor. Yet not one of us all was harmed."

Finally, the Burmese recaptured the larger part of the city. The danger increased. The Burmans naturally suspected the missionaries of opening the gate to the invaders. Mother continues:

"We began to plan our escape. Blankets were rolled up. Bedding, food, and cooking utensils were hidden in the jungle so that at a moment's notice we could flee to the hills—from which we hoped to make our way to Lower Burma."

An English steamer, however, rescued the missionaries. When Father returned to Bhamo some months later, it was to find all his buildings burned, his people scattered, and the work impossible to continue.

But before long, in 1886, Upper Burma was annexed by the British.

The pioneering period was over now. The British government provided a spacious ten-acre compound for the mission and furnished protection.

Before Father and Mother retired from the field in 1913, they saw about a score of self-supporting churches and schools throughout Bhamo district. Flourishing missions had been opened at Namkham and Myitkyina. Dr. Hanson had translated the Bible and many other works into Kachin. Fine, strong leaders had developed.

Most inspiring of all were the great annual conventions in which hundreds—in later years there have been thousands—discussed the problems of their people in the new day that was opening before them, testified to the power of Christ, and sang His praise.

The Kachins to-day are on the march. The future for them is bright. Mother saw them in their darkness. She was also privileged to see the dawning of the new day.

Myitkyina

These are very busy days for us as we begin to turn our faces homeward. The sad news came to-day that my brother had been killed accidentally. It will be three months before we can get word about it. Three years ago the cable came telling that mother had been called home. These things make our heart more restless to be with Him but until that time the desire grows to spend oneself for Him here in Burma. We go home but our thoughts are all about the time we shall return to Myitkyina.

Every week-end, during the past months, we have gone out into the jungle. Some weeks ago we had the joy of bringing a village together that had become separated. Word came in to-day that permission had been granted to start a new Christian village and a teacher is now having one of our carpenter boys work on a new school building. The old man who was responsible for dividing the village of Munghkum made a public apology and asked that he be allowed to build his house in this new village.

Went to Kaplang and found the headman and a village had quarrelled over some land. The villager had refused to partake of communion for months. Had the joy of bringing these two men together and they were happy in the re-union. The headman gave a cow to show his sorrow over the trouble. The communion was all ready on Sunday but, when I found these disorders, we decided not to have the communion until after talking about these things. Had a most helpful meeting with the people after having preached about the prodigal son. I purposely stopped after showing what happened to the foolish son who went off from his home. Sunday afternoon we cleared things up somewhat and on Monday morning had a most strengthening communion service and I spoke of the joy of the Father when His son returned and

likewise how our Father is glad when we return to Him.

The Dinggri chief and the teacher of the village had misunderstood each other. The chief asked for another teacher for next year and I had partly agreed but decided to call on the village so crossed the river in a small country boat taking along my cycle. Cycled 25 miles and spent three nights with the people of Dinggri. Had a most enjoyable time. The chief and teacher saw each other's view points and gladly decided to work together next year so now we need not make the change. It only takes a little to make a quarrel and with a little effort how easily things can be cleared up. The villagers were most interested in hearing the gospel. Before the Sunday service, had the pleasure of baptizing five in the little stream and then we had a most helpful service when we all partook of the communion. My cook helped to fill up our dinner table by bringing down four jungle fowl. The villagers gave me so many eggs and chickens — we are still trying to eat them.

This week I am going to Mankin each day to help in the final touches on the new chapel. We shall have the dedication service this Sunday. The Inspector from Sagaing, Mr. McLean, had dinner with us yesterday, and he said the building was the finest vernacular school building he had seen. Had a most delightful visit with Mr. McLean, and he hopes to take a trip sometime with me up to Hpimaw. The villagers at Mankin are so busy this week mixing cement and erecting a large *mandat* as they expect all the English officials for breakfast on Sunday as well as 800 Kachins. In these hard days they have done nobly to raise over Rs. 3000.

We are having our Association at Shangawzup, a beautiful spot forty-three miles from Myitkyina, just across from the Triangle. We are hoping to have a record crowd as

many are coming in from the far north as well as from the plains. Two Assistant Superintendents are coming with all their Christian followers. We had hoped Mrs. Smith would be with us but it looks as if she will not get up just yet. Had a most pleasant visit with Dr. Chaney last week. What a joy it is to have him come into our home and how the children enjoyed his company. He was able to make some valuable suggestions about our work here in Myitkyina. We are planning how best to care for the work while we are away. Mr. Smith may try out the suggestion made some years ago at a Conference to have central book keeping as he may keep the books for Myitkyina down at Rangoon. I think it should work. Lady Stephenson recently sent Dorothy a beautiful coat and hat which she is very proud of. We take this opportunity of wishing all our friends in Burma good-bye. We hope we may meet again soon.

L. A. Dudrow.



Leper Work

This morning, I went over unannounced to the Lahu lepers. I thought I was too late for their early worship service, so I took no hymn book or Bible. Instead I thought to entertain them with the portable victrola for a half hour before the regular church service of the compound. I found the Lahu had just collected for their own service. I was quite embarrassed for I had nothing to present. It has been two years since I have conducted a service in Lahu. On the otherhand, I knew their reticence in conducting a service when a teacher is present. I asked their custom and found that they select one of their own members to preach on Sunday morning while a compound teacher preaches in the afternoon. Ca Suh was to lead this morning. I told him to go ahead and waited with bated breath lest he refuse. He started and

I received one of the delightful surprises that come to us in work like this. Ca Suh is a boy in his late teens. But he is a leper with gnarled feet and stubbed fingers minus the first two joints. Four years ago, he knew practically nothing but suffering. We found that he was a fine singer. He soon received a hymn book as a reward for learning to read. To-day, he selected the portion in Luke where Jesus sent out his disciples to preach. As he read, the wind blew over the pages and he lost the place. My heart ached as his stubbed hands laboriously found the place again. But he kept on reading. Then he laid the book down and began to preach. I was amazed. His talk was worthy a trained adult with years of experience. His words showed a grasp of spiritual truth that was most inspiring. I looked over the group of lepers. They have increased from almost nothing some five years ago to more than forty now. They come to my brother ignorant and despised. Now I count over a dozen hymn books among them. They told me of the Gospels that they are using. The average is higher than in most of the villages where the people are well. A quarter of a mile further on, I visited the Shan leper home and their forty-three residents, with my portable music box. Here too is a group of sick people who carry on their own religious services if no preacher comes to help them. It seems like a miracle that this number of despised outcasts of society should be living together in such a respectable social status. With a common urge they gather from different villages. They come with nothing, they receive as a stipend for food and clothes less by one half than in any government institution of a similar nature, and their houses are of the cheapest material and structure. But here we found homes with chickens, dogs, and pigs. Little gardens and firewood add a domestic touch to the whole picture.

Our observations of these groups, during the few days since we have returned to Kengtung, have reassured us of the stability and the healthy morale which has been attained by these folks. From an administrative standpoint it may have seemed unwise to start this leper work in Kengtung State, but when we see the spiritual rehabilitation that has been achieved by them we are sure that this is the fulfillment of the command 'cleanse the leper.' We were told to-day that two Shan lepers are asking for baptism. These with the six candidates examined after church in the regular compound service fill us with courage to press on.

R. B. Buker.



Sagaing Bridge

For several mornings the rumble of the early train as it crossed over the bridge woke all the residents of this town, but few take any notice of it now. The convenience of seven trains to and from Mandalay each day is greatly appreciated by all who once dreaded the trudge through the sands of the river banks and the long wait on the opposite shore. Now as one crosses over the bridge he may enjoy an excellent view of the pagoda-clad hills of Sagaing and look down while passing into the earthworks of the old Ava Fort. Every visitor to Mandalay and beyond can now make the trip to Sagaing and across the river by sampan to the prison site at Ava with ease and in a few hours. Many will want to walk the old royal road where Judson once preached before his long imprisonment. The tablet at the prison site though a mute testimony to the faith and courage of our great pioneer, stirs the heart of everyone who reveres the name of Judson and the cause for which he laboured.

Daw Mi, our seventy-year-old matron and Bible woman, and Mrs. Cummings had an unexpected shake-up while they were on their way to

visit in one of the homes. Instead of making the turn down one of the roads approaching the bund, the gharry pony rushed sideways down the steep embankment. The *gharry-walla* jumped to the bank for safety and let the pony drag the gharry to the bottom. The gharry turned over on its side thus throwing the pony on its back and ending the mad flight. Mrs. Cummings managed to climb out of the splintered gharry and with the help of others who had come rushing to look on was able to remove Daw Mi. Both Mrs. Cummings and Daw Mi were badly bruised and for several days were stiff and sore. They are still black and blue in several places. We are thankful indeed that no bones were broken or other injuries sustained. Again, we are reminded that God watches over those who serve him.

Roger Cummings.



Bassein — Burma

Time and tide wait for no man, and it is now over a year since the first intimation reached us, in Bhamo, that our transfer to Bassein was proposed. One cannot forget the "first loves" and our hearts still cling to His disciples in Bhamo town and district.

But the year has been filled with blessings. The Bassein Baptists received us most cordially and soon our lives were knit together in bearing the common load of building up the fine schools whose discontinuance had been recommended. The local Bassein Educational Committee has planned wisely and well, and has received splendid financial support from the local Christian body. The schools have grown, and, in the new year ahead, bid fair to have a still larger attendance. The Bassein Girls' school has fallen a bit behind in attendance but the standard is high and the school continues to have the favour of the people.

Miss Crooks and her fine group of Christian Endeavorers have done a

splendid piece of work in stirring up young people and some of the older ones to abstain from the use of betelnut, tobacco and intoxicating liquors. Over 200 individuals have signed the pledge, and young people from both Mission and Government schools have taken part in this movement. Great commendation is due to one of our young men who has been most enthusiastic in winning Government school boys to this life of higher ideal.

The Annual Burman Baptist Association meetings, held this year at Myaungmya, were a great success. Four hundred and thirty were in attendance and plans for advance in evangelistic and educational work were definitely made. Reports of baptisms record some striking examples of struggle to openly confess Christ as Lord in baptism and in life. A new feature of the Association this year was the inauguration, under the leadership of the missionary, of a distinctly Men's organization, after the plan and pattern of our Baptist Men's organizations at home. While the women of the Association were having their meeting in the school building, eighty-seven men gathered in a large private home and enthusiastically launched out in its new venture to function as men, within the churches, in a definite program of work. Prayer, Bible Study and Stewardship are to have emphasis this year. It was decided in the association to have, this year, some sort of a little paper which would serve as a medium of uniting more tangibly the scattered membership of the three churches of the association.

A recent tour of the field in company with Miss Crooke, the evangelist and the Bible woman, gave Mrs. Spring and me a good opportunity to meet many of the former students of the Bassein Burman schools, and to seek out the lonely Christians scattered about in this great field. One very great joy has been ours in a visit to a small village of Chin Christians

who formerly belonged to our Sando-way field. We spent two happy days with these people and had the happy privilege of leading five of their number into baptismal waters.

One is overwhelmed with the vastness of this needy field of over one million souls, a very large portion of whom are Burman Buddhists. We long for the Power and Wisdom of God to help us to adequately answer the immediate spiritual need of the unsaved, and to lead out our Baptist Christians into a living and more victorious testimony in the great Kingdom enterprise. Pray for us!

L. W. Spring.



Bassein — Pwo Karen

History has again repeated itself. On the four days, January 26 — 30 Pentecostal history was again written among the Pwo Karens in the northern part of our field. Four days filled full of some of the most remarkable scenes I have ever witnessed.

Last year, on February 5, we baptized 353 at Ang Ray Klong village, near Kyonpyaw. This was something hitherto unknown among us and it was an inspiration which our people did not forget. As a result, at our Annual Bible Institute for Pastors and Workers in September 1933, plans were made for a larger ingathering than last year. There were signs that caused all of us to believe that our hope would be fully realized.

The Churches in our northern field divided themselves into four groups of several churches each, and made a co-operative effort to win the non-Christian people living in their midst and around them. The personal work done, the prayers that have been offered and the wonderful co-operation which has been evidenced among them will never be known to the outside world. My wife and I saw something of this and felt the wonderful Spirit leading our people on during our tour of this part of our field in December.

We visited twenty-four churches and villages on this tour in our launch the "JEAN."

The plans were simple but effective and as we went from village to village during those days, we could see the preparations being made for the baptismal services which were to be held in the four centres, on four different days.

The Churches in each of these four groups contributed towards the expense of feeding the huge crowds which attended. The central village built the bamboo meeting place. The arrangement for the baptismal services were perfect. Only those who were present know how much work it entailed.

We were happy to have a great number of visitors from a distance with us. Rev. E. T. Fletcher and Miss M. B. Pound of Maubin; Rev. Ba Tay of Taunggyi; S'ra Po Myine, S'ra Po Myat and his wife of Henzada; S'ra Byu of Ahlone; S'ras Pe Gyi, Shwe Dwa, Shwe Pa, Maung Ba of Maubin; S'ra Po Lu and his wife of Danubyu, and many other Bible women and lay workers. We were glad to have them present, and to have them make their contribution to the success of these meetings.

The first meeting was held at Naungtsan village, near the Henzada border, January 26, just before noon. I arrived on the 25th, with fourteen members of our High School Band and Mr. Fletcher arrived on his bicycle a few moments later. At night, previous to the baptismal services, meetings were held and huge crowds assembled on each occasion. The band played, choirs sang, pageants and dramas were given, addresses made, testimonies given and prayers offered. These meetings were immensely worth while as we had such a large number of capable leaders present and all spoke many times during the five days we were together. Sixty-three were baptized at Naungtsan village.

From Naungtsan, we went to Zeya-seik village on the banks of the Daga which is a small stream at this village — a wonderful place with great prospects for the future. The same programme was carried out here with added interest and larger crowds. Great credit is due to the villagers for their splendid preparations for taking care of the people who came. Sixty-six were buried with Christ in baptism in this village.

From there we went to Kanyinzaing village which is some five or six miles distant. I walked with three of our young pastors and workers. This is an important village on the Daga river and our Pastor, U Po Zin, is also headman there. The preparations were even more elaborate here and the crowds still larger. So many of our Christian people from the surrounding churches were present. There were 203 baptized here on Sunday morning, January 28. The same programme was carried out as on previous occasions. There must have been 2500 present on the evening of the 27th. It was a real joy to see and be with this pastor and headman. He is a wonderful man and is a wonderful help to us in our work.

Monday being a rest day, all the visiting brethren remained over Sunday night in Kanyinzaing village. We held a meeting in the pastor's house and I was thrilled to hear these men from other parts of Burma tell of what these meetings meant to them. The people from the surrounding villages had already returned to their homes.

On Monday, January 29, we all left for Kansu village, on the Daga just below Kyonpyaw. It is built on a wide, straight road, which connects the Daga with the inland, clear-as-crystal river where we baptized 353 last year. The preparations were complete, and the largest crowd of all the meetings assembled here on Monday night in the huge *mandat* and then again on Tuesday morning, when 284

were led to this same inland, clear-as-crystal river, and were buried with Christ in baptism. The little village of Ang Ray Klong, the scene of last year's baptisms, could be seen just across this river. It was a glorious day and a huge crowd witnessed the occasion. Many of last year's converts were present.

It was wonderful to have these friends present from various parts of Burma. We were glad and so were they. They have seen that the movement among the Pwo Karens on this field is not a Mass Movement in the usual sense in which that term is used. It is the result of an expanding church. They are not isolated groups coming over to Christianity, but people who have lived under the influence of the Gospel of years. They are absorbed by our churches in this section of our field. The pastors and laymen of our churches have worked, and prayed, and lived and God has given the increase.

In four days 616 were baptized. About 150 more remain to be baptized, and, in the southern field, 500 are waiting for baptism. God is leading our Pwo Karens into something more glorious than we had ever dreamed possible.

Chas. L. Conrad.



Village Work

Besides the ordinary and daily tasks in connection with the Anglo-vernacular and the Kachin Vernacular Schools here in Bhamo, and the monthly reports which must be sent to the Government for the nineteen village schools, and then the salaries paid to the teachers when they come to Bhamo, I have been trying to visit some of the villages which can be reached by car. These contacts are always interesting, and so very worthwhile, because so many of the women and children do not often meet outsiders. We found a group of women in one village very eager to learn to

read, so since last October we have been going to them once a week for this purpose. We met just outside the village, under some very big, shady trees, which had conveniently grown some of their roots above the ground, making nice rustic seats. The lesson lasted for an hour and a half, and then after some tea and cakes, we went home again. Four girls, the nurse and an interested woman, besides myself, filled the car, though on the way home we found space for pumpkins, yams, beans and even *ngapi* or pickled fish which the women insisted on giving. Some can read quite well now, and I am sure will enjoy the services of the church when they can take part in the singing and the reading of God's word.

Some years ago, in Nyanglebin, we copied the Toungoo idea of an annual Women's Thanksgiving meeting. Last Saturday we had a Thanksgiving meeting here, and so many came that only one from a village was asked to speak, while the girls of the Bhamo school gave the musical part of the program and also recited Scripture verses. The meeting began at eleven o'clock in the morning and lasted until after one o'clock. Then we had refreshments at my home, and I tried out all the Kachin words I knew. They all enjoyed it so much and wanted to know if we would have another one next year.

Those of you who have been at Bhamo have seen the three Mission houses on the Kachin compound, and it is very wonderful to have all three occupied now. Both Mr. and Mrs. England are busy with Kachin and getting acquainted with this part of Burma. They are delightful neighbors, and we are glad they are here.

Frieda Peter.



"We judge of others by what we see in them and, what is more perilous, we are tempted to judge of ourselves by what others can see in us."

—Bishop Westcott.

Women's Work

At Christmas time when Miss McKay visited us, she put to us in one of our Women's meetings the challenge of not being satisfied with what we were already doing but of stretching our wings for a larger service. At least two things have already resulted due most probably to this challenge. The women of our Burmese Women's Society have for some years among their contributions made a gift of rupees ten per month towards our dispensary. One morning, at a meeting, while discussing further steps we might take, the idea came of contributing not only money but also old bottles and cloth for bandages. The suggestion was enthusiastically received, and bottles and cloth, old and new, have been pouring in. Bottles are especially needed in the jungle because frequently the only container there is to put in some iodine or eye wash, etc., is an open Burmese tea bowl. 150 or more bottles have already been received, and cloth of all kinds. Not a scrap is wasted. Bandages are cut first. What cannot be used for bandages is used for wipes. We are going to have to buy a new almirah in which to keep these abundant supplies. They are our Burma White Cross supplies.

Our women too are taking a greater interest in volunteer service. As a result of the visit of one volunteer worker to the village of Aungbinle, she caught the vision of the Burmese Christians joining together to repair the much-cracked chapel there. She told a friend of her vision. They agreed to take up the matter. They found, much to their surprise that the people were for the most part thankful to contribute to the chapel erected on the site of the sufferings of Judson, through whose sacrifice many Christians of Burma have found Joy and Life. And they report that at the end of two weeks Rs. 300 had already been pledged and part received in

cash. This, they say, has been without any great effort on their part. More is needed. And the giving is not yet finished. Tears have been mingled with the gifts as they have spoken together of Judson's sufferings for their sakes. This is an answer to a prayer that a group of us, who had worked in the third Vacation Bible School conducted at Aungbinle last June, prayed together at the close of the two weeks of living there.

Among other things I am learning that there is a vast amount of potential power around us. The problem is to discover it and let it be used.

A short time ago in calling we met a woman of probably fifty years who paid a beautiful tribute to Dr. Kelly. She told how he had conducted a Sunday School for the children of the quarter. He was always so kind and tender and loving to the children. She said that she attended this Sunday school regularly. Often, on returning home, she would be whipped for going, but the next Sunday she would go again. She still remembers the songs and verses which she learned there. And now when she feels discouraged, the recalling and telling of those happy times cheers her. This is a real testimony of the value of the outside Sunday school.

Marian H. Reifsneider.



School Managers

D. P. I. note to deputation:—"On looking up the files subsequently I found that a recommendation of mine, to the effect that schools which had lost more than 25 per cent of their grant through the ratchet should be allowed to lose 15 per cent only, had been accepted by the ministry: orders to this effect were passed during my absence from office and six schools received some slight benefit."..... Here is a chance for you to look up your school finances and possibly get some further grant from the Department if you act promptly.

Field Secretary.

New Text Book

Same old story up our way, getting hot and liable to be hotter. This is to tell you about the Primer I have written for our schools. Blackie and Co. are getting it out and it will be ready for the new year in May as will Book 1.

As there are so many primers on the market perhaps I had better explain why I am guilty on putting on another. It is the result to a great extent of my search for a book that would make reading a joy as well as a help to the child. I could not find any and took the advice of my supervisor when I was teaching in California and wrote one myself. There I taught eighty children each year for longer or shorter periods. Every child from first to third grade came to me. The majority of them knew no English so it was my duty to teach them English and at the same time bring them up to the standard of the American child so that if they went from us to another town where there were no Mexican schools they would fit in. Out of all this chaos, I finally evolved a method that worked with them and I cannot see why it will not with the Burman child. The books are in story form and are about two little children, Ma May and her brother. Their home life, their friends, their school, their plays, are all told. The illustrations are all Burmese. In my NOTES TO TEACHERS I recommend flash cards. These you can obtain by writing to us at Meiktila. We sell them, the set for each book, at Rs. 5 per set. Besides that, we are getting out a seat work book that will sell for four or five annas each.

We are going into toy making as enthusiastically as ever. Our sloyd department will work all hot season at Kalaw. Look in and see us.

D. Dudley.

Judson College Notes

Judson College is very grateful for the courtesies extended to the representatives who have visited high schools during the past month. Our contacts with your students have been happy experiences for us. We are sorry that the rush of work and lack of time made it necessary for us to miss one or two high schools. We hope to do better another year.

Now that we have come and gone, we hope that those in charge of high schools are taking a little of their time during these busy days to follow up and make certain that application forms are forwarded to the College. The sooner this is done, the better can plans be made. It is *not* necessary to wait until the lists of eligible students are published. If an applicant should not be placed in the eligible group, no harm will have been done.

College and University examinations have now commenced. These are busy times for all, as well as most interesting. Soon it will be possible for us to get something of an idea of how well our work has been done during the year.

In a short time, our students will be returning to their homes. Some will do some studying during the long vacation, but others may yield to the impulse and do little or nothing. If these students are to become the leaders of Burma, they must work and also be kept in touch with their own people. The big opportunity to keep them in touch with their people is to give them interesting and helpful work to do during vacation times when they are home. With some, a monetary return for this work would aid greatly in their expenses of education, but if there are no paying jobs, these students should be stimulated to helpful service. This can be done best by those of you who are at or near their homes, and who have known

them longer than we have. It will add work to your already full schedules, but the dividends in a future adequate leadership by these young people will be far greater than can be imagined. Let us help in putting these students to work.

D. O. Smith.



Maymyo

As an illustration of the manifold character of the mission work carried on at this station, I may cite the three services at which I preached last Lord's day:—

In *Burmese*, at Wetwun, nine miles distant, to an assembly of Chins, Kachins and Karen-Soldiers of H. M. "Burma Rifles", in a large tent at their temporary camp; in English, through a Hindustani speaking interpreter, to our one o'clock (noon) *Indian* Congregation, and to our *English* speaking congregation in the evening. Miss Rachel Seagrave enriched the first service, by a short address in *Karen* which was much appreciated. Saya William, a Karen evangelist, and "Jonah," our young Telugu preacher, are intinerating in a large circle of villages around Maymyo.

Yesterday I left home for a ten-days tour in the hills, amongst our ninety Lisu and Kachin Christians, who live in scattered villages there. Please pray for me and for this diversified and promising and needy work.

Ernest Grigg.



"Watch unto prayer" (1 Pet. 4:7)

He who lives without prayer, he who lives with little prayer, he who seldom reads the Word, he who seldom looks up to heaven for a fresh influence from on high—he will be the man whose heart will become dry and barren; but he who calls in secret on his God, who spends much time in holy retirement, who delights to meditate on the words of the Most High, whose soul is given up to Christ—such a man must have an overflowing heart; and as his heart is, such will his life be.

—Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Conference

Conference this year is to meet at Judson College in October. The exact dates, as far as I know, have not yet been set by the Reference Committee. The working theme of the Conference is "Our hope in the unclaimed riches and resources in Christ."

As we are to have with us this year no Board Secretary from America and no P. & P. Report, it has been decided to have some rather comprehensive reports from the missionaries of each of the racial groups on the subject: "A Survey of the Problems, Progress, and Prospects of the Sgaw Karen (or Burman or Chin as the case may be) Mission." It is asked that the information in the reports be illustrated, where possible, with charts, diagrams, and maps. Each committee is to be made up of all the missionaries in that mission. The chairman of the various committees are:

Sgaw Karen — C. L. Klein
Pwo Karen — C. L. Conrad
Burman — L. B. Rogers
Kachin — G. A. Sword
Southern Chin — E. C. Condict
Northern Chin — C. U. Strait
Shan — Mr. Telford
Indian — H. O. Wyatt
Anglo-Indian — Miss Prince
Frontier — Vincent Young

The first three Committees are to have two hours each for their reports and discussions which may follow, and the others one hour each.

F. G. Dickason,
Conference Secretary.



Wanted for the School year 1934-35

1. A well qualified Burmese Christian Sayama for a post in the Middle School.
2. A middle aged Burmese Christian woman to act as matron of a girls' dormitory.
3. A middle aged Burmese Christian woman to act as school cook.

Applications may be forwarded to the Supt., A. B. M. Girls' School, Sagaing.

Language Examination

Mr. Roger Cummings has passed his first Burmese Language Examination with credit. C. E. Chaney.



Teachers Wanted

Wanted—Two A-V Middle School fully certificated Baptist, Male, Burman (Christian) teachers from June 1. Musically inclined church workers preferred. Apply sharp A. B. M. A-V Burman school, Bassein.



Arrived

- On February 14, by S.S. *Yoma*, Mrs. H. W. Smith.
 On February 20, by S.S. *Khandalla*. Miss E. M. Taylor, designated to the American School, Taunggyi.



Codex Sinaiticus

I have received a letter from the Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum asking whether it is possible for the Baptist World Alliance to assist in disseminating the appeal for the purchase of the Sinai Manuscript for the Museum.

The machinery of the Alliance could scarcely be set in motion for such a purpose, but I am venturing to ask you to insert this personal and quite unofficial letter.

It seems to me altogether fitting that the British Museum should have acquired this unique and most valuable document. As to the price, which has aroused some discussion, it is rightly pointed out that it is less than the nation has paid for a single picture, and less than half the sum that was but recently asked for the Manuscript. To me it is nobly significant that the British Museum should have manifested such confidence in our people's love of the Bible as to venture to acquire this great Codex without first having a substantial part of the purchase money in hand.

The best elements in the life of Britain and the Dominions are due to the influence of the Bible. It would be altogether fitting that Baptists, who are Bible-lovers, should do their part to ensure that this great Codex shall have its permanent place among the treasures of the City which is the heart of our world-wide Commonwealth.

Contributions may be sent to the Director of the British Museum, or if remitted to me I should be glad to transmit them.

Yours very faithfully,

J. H. Rushbrooke.

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BURMESE

We have just published the Gospel of John in Burmese in large bold type. This should be especially useful for old people and children. They cost much more but we are selling them at 2 pice each net.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION PRESS